

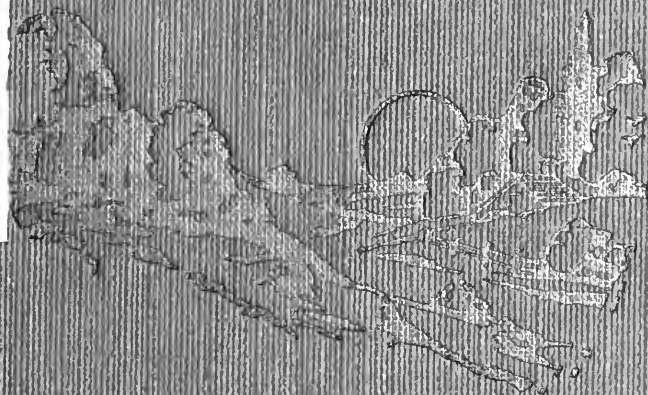
OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

LILIAN LEVERIDGE

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OVER THE HILLS OF HOME
AND OTHER POEMS

Over the Hills of Home

and Other Poems

BY
LILIAN LEVERIDGE



NEW YORK
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TO MOTHER

*There shines no pearl in the deep, deep sea,
Mother of mine,
So fair, so rare as your love to me,
Mother, mother of mine.*

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OVER THE HILLS OF HOME
AND OTHER POEMS

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME*

LADDIE, little laddie, come with me
over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies, and the
dogwood and daffodils;
For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spir-
its that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills
of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and
meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing
for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and haw-
thorn as white as foam.
We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over
the hills at home.

**(Written as a tribute to Corporal Frank E. Leveridge,
who died in France, after being wounded in action.)*

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a
song,
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as
we trip along;
But your own little song is sweeter, your own
with its merry trills;
So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the
windy hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows
were home.
Can you hear the klinge-klange of their bell
in the greenwood gloam?
Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the
trail with you,
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a
tune as you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a blue-
bird's wing.
O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear
him carolling.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

The vesper song of the thrushes, and the
 plaint of the whip-poor-wills—
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over
 the twilit hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is
 passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in
 your thoughtful eye.
You have many a mile to travel and many a
 task to do;
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a
 tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the
 sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of
 liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the
 weak that fall.
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer
 your country's call.

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come
back again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is call-
ing your name in vain;
For never shall we together 'mid the birds
and the blossoms roam
Over the hills of home, brother, over the
hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere
in France" you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien
winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your
life laid down.
You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours
is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the
sunshine grown,
As mother and I together speak softly in ten-
der tone!

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

And the lips that quiver and falter have ever
a single theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie,
over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should
we cease to weep
Could we glance through the golden gateway,
whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can fol-
low you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful
hills of Home.

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

IT isn't the way of the British,
In the fight for country and King,
On the fair, white field of their valor,
The shadow of shame to bring.
There isn't a lad in the army,
There isn't a lad on the sea,
Would dim the light of his honor
By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain
To grasp with greedy hand,
And hold with a despot's power,
Domain in a friendly land.
But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"
She dies for "an old colored rag,"
When the one is her word of promise,
And the other her blood-stained flag.

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

It isn't the way of the British,
With ruthless hands of hate,
The priceless things of a nation
To plunder and desecrate.
Not 'gainst defenceless women
And children their guns are turned;
Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—
That isn't the way they've learned.

It isn't the way of the British
To strike like the heathen hordes,
To torture the hapless captives
They take at the point of their swords.
That was never the way with Britain.
Her strength is the strength of ten;
For her sons in her far-flung warfare
Fight ever like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—
It seems now so long ago—
Were called to a post of peril,
In the path of the furious foe.

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

It was certain death, and they knew it;
But the valor in each heart burned.
“Good-by, good-by to you, fellows!”
They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons;
And there dashed through the sulphurous
smoke,
With the same farewell to their comrades,
While a wreath of smile outbroke—
Thirty to follow the thirty;
And the eager ranks closed in.
That is the way of the British.
That is the way they win.

This is the way of the British—
In the strength of their righteous cause,
Upheld by the hosts of heaven,
They strike for their King and laws.
From what do they shrink—our soldiers?
They may lose in the fearful fray
Their lives, but never their honor,
Who fight in the British way.

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

*Then here's to you, lads in the army,
And here's to you, lads on the sea;
To your hands that are strong and steady,
To your hearts that are true and free!—
Though long it be ere the dawning,
It cometh at last—the day,
When all that you've fought for, bled for,
You shall win in the British way.*

WOMAN'S PART

KNEEL down, kneel down, ye mothers,
Kneel down, ye sisters and wives,
And plead with the God of Battles

To spare your loved ones' lives.

Pray for your stricken sisters

Who wait by the lonely hearth,

Whence the glow is failed and the gladness
fled,

And the light is lost from earth.

Kneel down, kneel down!—for the conflict

Grows deadly and fierce and long,

And the hearts of the foe are hateful,

And the arms of the foe are strong.

Yet the Judge of the whole earth giveth

The battle to whom He will.

Weep on, ye mothers—if ye must weep—

Till He whispers, "Peace, be still!"

WOMAN'S PART

Kneel down, kneel down!—There are terrors
That stalk in the noonday light;
There are scalding drops of anguish
That fall in the fearful night,
Where homes are ablaze like beacons,
Where the winds are a-moan with pain,
Where your sons and your brothers stand to
fight
'Mid the drip of the warm red rain.

Kneel down, kneel down! They are thinking
This moment, perchance, of you.
They see you bow in the silence,
Alone 'mid the starlit dew.
They—they must stand at the cannon,
They must look to the gatling gun:
But the might of your prayer upholds them
there
Till the field is fought and won.

Rise up, rise up, ye mothers,
Ye sisters and wives, arise!
To the wide, ripe fields of labor
Lift up, lift up your eyes!

WOMAN'S PART

There are suffering ones by thousands
Your ministering hands may bless,
And desolate mourners that weep alone,
Widows and fatherless.

To pray, to hope, to succor,
To comfort the sick at heart,
This is your field of battle,
This is your woman's part.
Then pray while ye toil and suffer,
Yes, weep, if weep ye will,
Till, quelling to quiet the clashing arms,
Comes the whisper, "Peace, be still!"

NUTTING

I WANT to go nutting to-day, mother.
There's a hint of frost in the air,
Though the sun is spreading a cloth of gold
On the uplands, rich and fair.
Young voices call that the brown nuts fall
And the squirrel scolds and grieves.
Let us haste away to the woods to-day,
In the Moon of Falling Leaves.

I want to go nutting to-day, mother,—
O mother! 'tis only a dream.
'Tis many a mile to the hazel copse
On the bank of the silver stream.
'Tis many a year since I wandered there,
Where the whistling winds are wild—
As wild as they, in that far-off day,
Was I as a little child.

NUTTING

Should I go nutting to-day, mother,
I must follow the path alone—
The path that winds by the hazel copse
And down by the mossy stone;
For the ringing beat of the boyish feet
That clambered the rocky hill
Falls never again on field or plain,
Or the woodlands lone and still.

O, where are the boys to-day, mother,
Our boys so bonnie and bright,
The lads who gathered the hazel nuts
In the golden Autumn light?
For over the hill floats the echo still
Of laughter light and gay,
While alone at the gate I watch and wait—
They tarry so long away.

They heard the call of the bugles, mother,
And the rallying roll of drums.
O, who can stay in the hazel copse
When the call to a hero comes?

NUTTING

One marches to-day 'neath the colors gay
To a far-away field of fight;
And the warfare of one is over and done.
He rests on the hills of light.

I want to go nutting to-day, mother,
On the hills where the winds are free;
But only the Spirit of Silence there
Will walk and will talk with me.
For the laughter of yore awakes no more
On the path where the dim light weaves
A web of dreams by the silver streams,
In the Moon of Falling Leaves.

A WINTER'S NIGHT

OH! the rare delight of a winter's night,
When drifted snows gleam whitely,
When sleigh-bells chime with wild, sweet
rhyme,
And mirthful lips laugh lightly!

How pure and clear is the frosty air
From far-off hilltops blowing!
What joy it brings to the voice that sings,
What light to bright eyes glowing!

Night's thousand eyes from sapphire skies
With glances soft are beaming,
And all aglow in the fields of snow
Are countless jewels gleaming.

A WINTER'S NIGHT

Come out to-night to the hills alight,
To forests still and hoary,
Where moonbeams play o'er the shining way
And bathe the world in glory.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART

IN yonder greening deeps a veery voices
His plaintive note that almost thrills to
tears,
So sweet it is. Could I but learn that music,
This harp of mine should echo down the
years.

Ye wildwood blossoms, ye are poems written
In God's great wonder-book by His own
hand.

'Tis yours to teach the happiest of lessons
In words that all who read may under-
stand.

Blue Violets in dewy mosses hiding,
And breathing peerless perfumes on the
wind,
Ye tell me there is blessedness in shadow,
That lowly, simple souls may surely find.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART

Gay Columbines, ye say that life is lovely,
And brimming o'er with brightness even
yet.

Laughing ye lift your ruby cups of honey
And bid me cease to murmur and to fret.

Fair Dogwood, hanging garlands by the way-
side,

Rare Honeysuckle, leaning from your
bowers,

And Hawthorn, scattering snowflakes on the
breezes,

Ye gladden with your beauty all the hours.

Ye thousand, thousand silver stars that
spangle

This emerald firmament of leaf and blade,
Ye bid me lift my eyes, and bravely trusting,
Go forward unashamed and unafraid.

Dear Mother Nature, leaning on thy bosom,
I half forget the things that made me sad.
Out in the world of toil and strife, be with
me:

Teach me to love, to hope, and to be glad.

SPRINGLAND

ALL the flowers are sleeping, all the trees
are bare;

All the little fairy winds that wandered whispering there,

Golden sunbeams glancing, happy birds at play,

All have flown toward the Southland, far and far away.

Yet in dreams glory-gleams drift across the snow.

Faces fair meet me here, loves of long ago.

Once again I wander down the leafy lane,
Where the woodthrush and the robin sing
their morning strain.

Once again I linger, gathering violets blue,
Waiting in the woodland pathway, dear old friend, for you.

SPRINGLAND

Buds unfold hearts of gold, fresh with
fragrant dew,
While I wait. You are late; what is keep-
ing you?

List! the leaflets whisper, robins carol shrill,
Now I hear your lilting laughter floating
down the hill.

Books a-swinging gaily, sun hat all awry,
Comes my merry, witching schoolmate, morn-
ing in her eye.

Wildflower grace lights her face. All the
rosy spring,
Everywhere passing fair, knows no sweeter
thing.

"Mollie, I have waited long for you," I cry.
"Have you solved the Euclid problems? Did
you find Delhi,
Fuji-san and Klondike, Fife and Innisfree?
Though I toiled for hours and hours they
still eluded me."

SPRINGLAND

Hark! the bell down the dell rings a summons sweet.

Swift we run. Shade and sun flash beneath our feet.

Silent stands the schoolhouse 'neath its sheltering trees;

Softly through the open window comes the drone of bees.

We are bees that gather honey-drops to store—

Golden honey-drops of wisdom from the old world's lore.

O how fleet are the sweet school days! All too soon

They are sped, youth has fled, morning melts to noon.

Wayward, laughter-loving, are my mate and I.

He, the grave and kindly master, looks with patient sigh

SPRINGLAND

Oft toward our corner—never once to chide.
In our wilful way we love him—teacher,
friend and guide.

Yet we prove not our love. Does he know
or care?

Hush! the day dies away, and the night is
near.

Night, and snowy silence, moonbeams pale
and chill!

Night—and not a wildwood blossom on the
wintry hill!

You have passed before me, loves of school-
days dear,

To the sunny bowers of Springland, flower-
clad and fair.

Some glad day, far away, each dear face I'll
see.

I am late—will you wait on the hills for me?

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH

BELOVED bird, I hear thee calling, calling,
ing,

Where sun-kist morning smiles.

A very shower of liquid music falling

Adown the forest aisles

Rains radiantly upon my spirit. Lightly

The dewy gates of sleep

Fold back. I enter where the sunbeams
brightly

Tryst with the roses keep.

Beyond the garden and beyond the meadows,

Beyond the breezy hill,

Through quivering lights and dusky violet
shadows,

I follow, follow still;

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH

Till here, where never human footfall
 soundeth,

 'Mid breath of scented bloom,
Where heaven's peace and earth's warm love
 aboundeth,

 I find thy hermit home.

High up amid the green boughs swaying,
 swinging,

 Thy drowsy nestlings dream,
Weaving with silver splendors of thy singing
 The morning's golden beam.

O dwellers of the glowing dawn, what sweet-
 ness

 Of lullaby you list!

Cradled and folded fast in love's complete-
 ness,

 Wind-rocked, song-soothed, star-kist!

How lovely is the world where Nature
 kneeleth

 With folded hands to pray!

All loveliness thy clear songshine revealeth;
 The blue heavens far away

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH

Are leaning lower, winds ahush are listening,
And all the flowers rejoice,
With tears of gladness on their faces glisten-
ing,
Blest bird, to hear thy voice.

Those fluted notes, so pure, so richly mel-
lowed,
How silvery they flow!
A pause, a hush, and then a peerless prelude
In tender tremolo—
A soft song-whisper—ushers in the glory
Of thy sublimer strain,
The song that tells thy passionate love story
Again and yet again.

Immersed within that flowing flood of rap-
ture,
A baptism divine,
Some Eden-gleam my spirit may recapture,
Whose glories round thee shine.

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH

Some little measure of thy inspiration,
Light not of land nor sea—
The blessed, kindly light of consecration,—
Thy music showers on me.

Yet though thy matin song is keyed to glad-
ness,
Joy breathes in every note,
Thy hymn at even is athrill with sadness
That trembles in thy throat.
Hast thou, sweet bird, some unfulfilled de-
sire,
Some longing, wild and vain,
That, howsoe'er thy throbbing hopes aspire,
Thou canst not yet attain?

O forest child, no dream that's worth the
dreaming
But some day will come true.
Then let us sing while life's glad morning
gleaming
Inspires our love anew.

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH

Yes, we will sing, unwearied and unresting.
Who knows what bliss may wait
For you and me, dear comrade of my quest-
ing,
Beyond the sunset gate?

MY PHILOSOPHY

SAY! I'm glad I'm livin' such a glorious
day.

Makes me feel like dancin' two-steps all the
way;

Makes me feel as rich as any millionaire,
With a sure life interest in a world so fair.

Diamonds in the dew-drops, sunshine drop-
pin' gold,

Better'n all the nuggets Klondike mountains
hold;

Sky a sea of azure, one white cloud afloat,
Sailin' soft and airy like a fairy's boat.

Lovely flowers a-flingin' perfumes to the
breeze;

Little winds a-quiver in the leafy trees;

Little birds s-singin' like they'd never stop—
Joy as light as bubbles comes right to the top.

MY PHILOSOPHY

Bumble bees a-buzzin' in the buckwheat
flowers,
Haulin' home the honey in the shinin' hours;
Rivulets a-lispin', as they flow along,
Happy little secrets, trills of summer song.
All day long the gladness, loveliness and
light,
Then the starry stillness o' the welcome
night;
All life long the blessin's scattered from
God's hand,
Then the rest remainin' in the Promised
Land.

Heart o' mine, be joyful!—Ain't no call for
tears.

Garner up the sunbeams all along the years.
Souls that seek for brightness find it mani-
fold.

Heart o' mine, be joyful! Gather in the
gold.

WHAT'S THE USE

WHAT'S the use, dear heart, of sighing
Just because the skies are gray,
And the bright things that you dream of
Never seem to come your way?
Storms and shadows make the sunshine
Afterward more clear and bright.
Joy of dawn can only follow
After dreary glooms of night.

What's the use of idly wishing
For a soft and easy time?
They who gain the sunny summits
Are not carried there—they climb.
Man was made for strong endeavor.
Rich and rare the recompense
That's awaiting grit and daring,
Tempered well with common sense.

WHAT'S THE USE

What's the use of fuss and fretting
When the world seems going wrong?
Time will smooth out all the tangles
In the knotted skein ere long.
Ever in the keenest conflict
Worry's on the losing side.
Follow faith, whose voice of quiet
Safe to victory will guide.

What's the use of fondly dreaming
Of the great things you would do,
Scorning little, lowly duties,
Day by day that call for you?
By the path of slight endeavor
Honor cometh not—but such
As are faithful in the little
May be trusted with the much.

What's the use of weakly yielding
To a foolish fit of "blues"?
Whistling's better far than weeping—
You can whistle if you choose.

WHAT'S THE USE

Wherefore magnify your troubles?

Wherefore minimize your hope,
Viewing virtues through the wrong end
Of Love's mighty telescope?

What's the use of pensive pining

For the Alpine edelweiss,
While about your feet are blowing
Flowers as fair at lesser price?
When you've used up all the sweetness
That along your path is shed,
Angel hands will surely scatter
Brighter blessings on your head.

What's the use of dull despairing

When you've fought so hard and failed?
After countless disappointments
Heights of glory oft are scaled.
Obstacles, mistakes and failures
Stepping stones may prove to you.
Courage, then! Nor faint, nor falter
Till you win your Waterloo.

TRIFLES

IT was only a kindly greeting
And the grip of a warm, strong hand
As I faltered—a friendless stranger—
At the gate of an unknown land;
But the light of a star shone clearly
Through the dusk of the twilight gray;
And my heart was a-thrill with music
That night as I knelt to pray.

It was only a gift of flowers,
As I passed with weary tread
Where she stood, in the summer gloaming,
In the midst of her garden bed:
But the breath of those bright, fresh blossoms,
And the smile in her soul-lit eyes,
Kindled hope in my shadowed spirit,
And filled me with sweet surprise.

TRIFLES

It was only a little letter
In the tremulous lines of a child;
But it silenced the sigh of a heart-ache,
And my burden of care beguiled:
For it said I was not forgotten,
Though our ways were wide apart;
And I sang with tender gladness,
For the love of that little heart.

It was only a pale pressed blossom
From haunts where I used to stray;
But it brought me a tender token
Of love from the Faraway:
And I heard once more the sighing
Of the pines by the limpid lake,
When those fragrant rose-tipped petals
I kissed for old time's sake.

Mere trifles, long forgotten!—
Yet a sweetness still they bring,
For to me they were chords of music
Whose echoes like harp-notes ring.

TRIFLES

And the silence of memory's hall-ways
Grows sweet as the years grow long:
For love, is it not immortal?
And kindness a deathless song?

THE DREAMER

THE great life passions, burning love
and hate,

In the great world strive mightily for
power.

Mine are the little loves by Nature nursed—

The bird on wing, the blossom in the
bower.

The winds that wander from the far-off hills

Bring me a thousand messages. The wave

That laps at evening on the twilit shore

Whispers to me in pensive tones and grave.

The rill that ripples on its pebbly way

Brings me a gift of laughter, low and
sweet.

The forest leaves, they clap their hands for
me,

And all their little summer songs repeat.

THE DREAMER

I share the brown bee's perfumed honey
dew;
My spirit dances with the butterfly;
To me the cricket on his violin
Plays all night long a lilting lullaby.

Strange melodies I hear 'mid pine and fir—
Rare, fragmentary notes from heaven
adrift,
That floating, zephyr-wafted, 'mid the blue,
On frail dream-wings my listening spirit
lift.

Perchance beyond the sunset and the dawn,
Amid the symphonies of seraph-song,
And deathless roses, I at last may find
The warmer, closer love for which I long.

THE LITTLE GREEN GATE

AWAY from the stress of the city,
And to ceaseless, echoing sound
Of tireless toiling and spinning,
And pleasure—a dizzying round—
With never a haunting whisper
Of duties that press and wait,
We fold our hands in the noontide,
And dream, by a little green gate.

The sun glows clear in the heavens—
A luminous sapphire dome—
And filters gold through the maple
Where a robin has built her home.
Comes rippling over and over
Her “Cheerily, cheer up, cheer!
'Tis the season of roses and clover—
O cheer up, cheerily, dear!”

THE LITTLE GREEN GATE

In a fragrant blossoming locust
A golden oriole swings
Abreast of the frolicksome breezes,
He preens his beautiful wings.
A catbird hides in the cedars,
And out of his dim retreat
He pours, like a lovesome poet,
A rollicking rhyme and sweet.

Each pause in the birds' glad chorus
Is filled by the soft, low sigh
And whisper of leaves and grasses,
As the winds go wandering by—
Wild winds from the blue hills yonder,
That watch by the purple tide,
Where centuries pass in silence,
And the dreams of the years abide.

Far off, where the heart of the city
Beats high with the pulse of life,
There's a call to the ranks of endeavor,
There's a challenge for ceaseless strife.

THE LITTLE GREEN GATE

Away from the blossom-sweet stillness
There are duties that throng and wait:
But Confidence walks with Courage
While we rest by the little green gate.

DAY DREAMS

A FAR-OFF light
Of things that are yet to be,
Like a pale star-gleam on the wings of dream,
Floats through the dark to me.

A dream of Faith
That shines through the mists of years,
Till the long, long night is lost in light,
And laughter blooms from tears.

A dream of Hope
That lives though all else be dead,—
Hope crowned at last when the pain is past,
And the last of the tears are shed.

A dream of Love,
The Love that cannot fail,—
For whate'er befall, Love conquers all,
And Death shall not prevail.

DAY DREAMS

Will my dream come true?

Some day on a far-off shore

Will Death lie dead on his shrouded bed,

And Sorrow be no more?

Some glad spring dawn

Will there blossom peace from pain?

Will the hidden good be understood,

And lost souls found again?

Yes! For I know

That only the good can live.

On that morning fair, sometime, somewhere,

All else will Love forgive.

IN THE TWILIGHT

AT eve in the hush of the twilight
We sit when the day is done,
Watching the purpling shadows
That steal from the sinking sun.
And the murmur and tender cadence
Of a loved old song to-night
Resounds from the keys of the organ
Agleam in the mellow light.

A tender peace
Steals over my soul,
A sweet release
From the world's control;
While soft light wreathes
With the shadows dim,
And the silence breathes
With a sweet old hymn.

IN THE TWILIGHT

The day has been long and weary,
But the evening at home brings rest.
The world is shut out with its worries,
The heart is no more opprest;
And cares, like the dews of morning,
Are lifted and swept away
By the magic spell of music,
As you sit in the twilight and play.

Soft, soft, again
Through the silence dim
Floats the tender strain
Of an old sweet hymn.
'Mid the amber gleam
Of the sinking sun,
When dreams we dream
When the day is done!

O beautiful hour of the twilight,
All vocal with sacred song!
To-night through the shrouding shadows
How sweet are the thoughts that throng!

IN THE TWILIGHT

No dreams like those dreams unfading,
No music with power to please
Like the old airs that trembled and floated
From the yellow old ivory keys!

Mellow and sweet,
When the day is done
And shadows meet
With the sinking sun,
Soft, soft and low,
Through the shadows dim,
The echoes flow
Of a dear old hymn.

LOVE'S MINISTRY

RUDELy cradled in a manger,
Sweetly sleeps a little Child.
O'er Him bends a maiden Mother,
Lowly, lovely, undefiled.
Star-led sages own His kingship;
Gifts they bring on bended knee.
What is there that I may offer
Him Who left His throne for me?

Now with gracious touch of healing
See Him cheer the sick, the sad,
From the morn until the even
Making countless mourners glad.
He is Friend of all the friendless;
Sweet His loving smile I see.
What of service may I offer
Him Who daily blesseth me?

LOVE'S MINISTRY

Lo! at midnight in the garden
Kneels alone the Son of God;
Crimson drops of awful anguish
Darkly dew the blossomed sod.
"Must I drink this cup, O Father?"—
This His agonizing plea—
"Not My will, but Thine." My Saviour
Drained those bitter dregs—for me.

Lifted up 'twixt earth and heaven
On the cruel cross of shame
Hangs the Christ. For the redemption
Of our ruined world He came:
But they crucified Him, nailing
Hands that blessed them to the tree.
Yet He cried, "Forgive them, Father."
Dying thus, He prayed for me.

Easter dawns in peerless glory,
Flower fragrance fills the air.
Christ hath burst the gloomy portals
Of the grave. The angels fair

LOVE'S MINISTRY

Tell the world the wondrous tidings,
 “He is risen. Come and see
Where He lay.” The glorious Victor
 Vanquished sin and death for me.

Hark! I hear His sweet voice calling
 O'er the silence long and deep
Of the ages: “Dost thou love Me?
 Feed My lambs and feed My sheep.
From the fold My lost ones wander;
 Seek them as I sought for thee.
Lead them, lift them, bless them, love
 them—
And ye do it unto Me.”

THE EASTER WINDS

THE little winds of dawning,
Long centuries ago,
Went straying in a garden
With bursting buds aglow.
A wondrous tale they whispered
Of One Who loved, Who died
For men whose hatred pierced Him
In hands and feet and side.

Bright angels told His story;
The winds caught up the song;
On viewless wings forever
They bear the strain along.
The flowers await His coming;
For love of Him they bloom—
The fadeless Rose of Sharon
That blossomed from the tomb.

THE EASTER WINDS

O little winds of Easter
That blow amid the hills,
With lily perfume laden
And breath of daffodils,
Go, blow across the ocean,
And carry to "our boys,"
Our truest and our dearest,
A gift of Easter joys—

The sweetness of the blossoms,
The music of the bells,
That, hour by hour unwearied,
The glad evangel tells—
Of life that blooms unfading,
Of love that cannot die,
Of rest and peace abiding
Beyond our shrouding sky.

O viewless Easter angels
That wander round the world,
Where, reeking red with carnage,
The bolts of hate are hurled,

THE EASTER WINDS

Where, rank on rank, the crosses
Stand silent on the hill,
Go, plant the amaryllis,
The rose, the daffodil.

Then all the winds of Easter
Shall bear upon their wings
To wounded hearts the essence
Of all life's sweetest things.
"The Lord is risen!" shall echo
From shore to farthest shore,
And Love shall reign eternal,
And pain shall be no more.

VACATION AT GRANDMA'S

ALL in the blue of the summer day,
From morn till the twilight dewy,
Tiresome lessons all put away,
Three dear laddies keep holiday—
Henry and Jim and Louis.

O it is joy, pure joy, to be free
From the thrall of examinations.
This is the cry of the laddies three:
“Holidays are the days for me.
Hurrah for the glad vacations!”

Dangling a worm in the woodland stream
To tempt the foolish fishes;
Roaming the fields where the ripe fruits
gleam—
“Say, with Grandma’s sugar and cream
Strawberries are delicious!”

VACATION AT GRANDMA'S

Somewhere the gray rocks, grim and old,
Are purple with huckleberries.

Somewhere the hazelnuts turn to gold;
Somewhere bubbles a spring, ice-cold;
Somewhere are crimson cherries.

Somewhere the painted trilliums grow,
And the bluebells are a-blowing;
Somewhere are windflowers, white as snow.
Where? You must ask the boys—they
know
All that is worth the knowing.

Ever a new delight distills
As the morning buds in beauty.
Mirthful music of laughter trills
Up from the valleys, over the hills—
Joy is the day's one duty.

Archery contests are on to-day.
Yon arrow, how swift it wingeth
Over the roof-tree, up and away,
Up where the green boughs swing and sway,
Up where the robin singeth.

VACATION AT GRANDMA'S

"What are you doing, my laddies three?

Your laughter rings so merry."

"Skinning a woodchuck to cook for tea.

Have some?" "No thanks, Jim, not for
me—

Though it is tempting, very!"

Skies grow gray and a deluge pours.

Hurrah for a thrilling story

Of strange adventures on far-off shores,

Hidden treasure, and wrecks and wars,

Valor and fame and glory!

Books in plenty at Grandma's wait

For the music of summer showers.

Pass right in through the story gate;

Find and follow your soul's true mate,

Gather the dreamland flowers.

Vacation comes to an end too soon.

Farewell to the bracing breezes!

Yet, if all days held the breath of June,

If life were sung to a holiday tune,

Would it be sure to please us?

VACATION AT GRANDMA'S

No! For I know of the holiday song
The true boy spirit wearies.
Sure am I you will yearn ere long,
Yearn to march with the brave and strong.
Here's good luck to you, dearies!

A LITTLE BIT OF VERSE

IT may be early, ere the morn has lost its
 crimson flush,
Or 'mid the noonday clamor, or the fragrant
 vesper hush;
Sometime before the hours of light their tale
 of toil rehearse,
I seek a treasured volume for a little bit of
 verse.

When Keats or noble Tennyson a rhythmic
 stanza sings,
I bathe my soul in beauty and forget life's
 mundane things.
In Browning's mine I deeply delve for grains
 of golden ore,
And Ingelow sets my feet in paths they
 never trod before.

A LITTLE BIT OF VERSE

I honor them, the mighty ones, the laureled
poet band:

But oh! I love the singers of our own Cana-
dian land.

The eager years await to crown with stars
their younger brows,

And proudly weave about their names the
myrtle and the rose.

They sing of dear, familiar things in meas-
ures wildly sweet,

Like bird-songs in our native woods when
night and morning meet.

But not alone these home-born themes—wide
as the universe,

As high as Heaven, as deep as death, the lim-
its of their verse.

There's Lampman, Campbell, Carman,
Scott, there's Crawford, Watson, Rand,
With others, who have climbed the heights
and in the starshine stand;

A LITTLE BIT OF VERSE

A kinship sweet with them I claim as softly
they rehearse—

Lifting me skyward, too, awhile—a little bit
of verse.

SYDNEY CARTON

(A Tale of Two Cities)

SYDNEY CARTON, so far as we know, is a fictitious character—a creation of Charles Dickens' wonderfully prolific brain. Yet after all, how very real he is! And how strongly his splendid heroism appeals to the noblest instincts we possess! The Great War is revealing many "Sydney Cartons" to-day—men whose lives have seemed to be failures, who have never been able to rise above environment, circumstance, or heredity; or who, for lack of sufficiently inspiring motive, have never amounted to anything worth while. But when the great call came, with no fuss or ostentation, with no consciousness of heroism, they quietly stepped into line and "marched breast forward." In so doing they have caught the "vision splendid," and inspired by its light have done heroic things, and laid down their lives, where "In Flanders' fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row."

And so, to all the "Sydney Cartons" of the world, of whatever name or race—men who from apparent failure have risen to sublime heights of self-sacrifice—these lines are reverently inscribed.

THE hour has come. His courage does
not falter;

His smile lights up the gloom,
As forth to lay his life upon love's altar
He steps to meet his doom.

SYDNEY CARTON

In thought he views his friend to safety
pressing,

To home and love and peace
Fast hastening on—so free, so little guessing
The price of his release.

He thinks of Lucie—was it vain to love her
With love more strong than life?

May holy angels spread their wings above
her,

And bear her from the strife!

He thinks of Lucie's child; and tender feel-
ing

Wells up in unshed tears.

Across the gloom a vision fair comes steal-
ing—

A vision of the years

Far distant, when that name may shine with
glory

That yet no fame has won,
And loving lips will tell the boy his story
Whose race is all but run.

SYDNEY CARTON

They bind his arms; they leave him in the
dimness;

They do not guess his name,
Nor dream how, courting death in all its
grimness,

This hero plays the game.

A little seamstress, fair and young and slender—

What could she know of guile?—
Offers a greeting, timid-voiced and tender,
A wan, pathetic smile.

“What traitorous thoughts could they have
feared me thinking?

What plots could such as I
Have dreamed or dared? Yet I would
meet unshrinking

My death, since I must die.

“I am so small and weak”—her low tone
alters,

Her startled eyes grow dim
With sudden mist of feeling as she falters,

“Stranger, you die for him?”

SYDNEY CARTON

“Yes, and his wife and child,” he whispers,
folding

Her small, thin fingers fast.

“Oh, let me then your strong, brave hand be
holding!”

He answers, “Till the last.”

All in the blue and sunny summer weather,
Amid a heartless throng,
They take the last, the awful ride together—
The way will not be long.

He recks not that the countless hordes stand
gazing

Unmoved upon that sight.

He only sees those trustful eyes upraising
To his their limpid light.

He recks not that a myriad voices murmur,
A myriad footsteps press.

He only holds her slender fingers firmer
In meek and mute caress.

SYDNEY CARTON

Bending his head to meet her gaze confiding,
Some thought of cheer to give,
He whispers softly of the peace abiding
Where radiant angels live.

Her eyes beam clear; her shrinking heart
grows braver,
And calm her quivering breath.
Her thoughts are fixed on Him Who died to
save her
From everlasting death.

Thus voice to voice, each comforting the
other,
Yes, even heart to heart,
Two children of the universal Mother,
That else were wide apart,

All in the blue and sunny summer weather,
Earth's shadows nearly past,
Have met to take the homeward way to-
gether,
And find a rest at last.

SYDNEY CARTON

The rumbling tumbrils stop. They pause
unfearing;

A light is in each face.

What should they dread—two humble spir-
its nearing

The soul's abiding-place?

"One question more"—her eyes are dim
with wonder,—

"One friend I have most dear.

Will it seem long that we two walk asunder,
Until she meet me there?"

"Fear not, dear child! There are no sad
to-morrows,

No partings there, no night.

They leave behind their burdens and their
sorrows

Who pass the gates of light."

"You comfort me—and is it now I kiss you?"

Smiling he whispers, "Yes.

Until we meet at yonder gate, God bless
you!"—

Their lips together press.

SYDNEY CARTON

The tender maiden does not faint nor falter
The short, sharp way to take:
And Sydney Carton lays upon the altar
His life for love's sweet sake.

"I am the resurrection," He that liveth
Forevermore hath said,
"I am the life: whoso my word receiveth
Shall live though he were dead."

A SMILE FROM YOU

A SMILE from you is all I ask
To glorify my daily task.
The skies may weep, the winds may wail,
All outward founts of joy may fail,
All costlier graces be denied—
The morn for me is beautified.

For just a smile from you may bring
The birds and blossoms of the spring
Within my heart to sing and bloom;
May scatter sunbeams round my room;
May touch the fringes of the mist
And turn its gray to amethyst.

Throughout the hours, it well may be,
Your thoughts not oft will stray to me.
Not many words I ask of you
From morningshine till evening dew.
But as you pass me on your way,
Give me a sunny smile to-day.

BY WIRELESS

YOUR hand and mine have never touched
in greeting,

Our eyes have never met:

Your voice is still to me an unknown music,

Heard but in dreams—and yet

Your written words have blest me, cheered
me, thrilled me,

And lit the beacon fires

Of strong resolve, and lofty aspiration,

And noblest of desires.

What matter though a thousand miles divide
us?

A thousand miles—'tis naught!

For kindred souls may converse by the wire-
less

Telegraphy of thought.

BY WIRELESS

Upon my mountain-top I catch the mes-
sage

That cometh from afar,
And coming thrills my universe with music
Beyond its farthest star.

It tells me that the good, the true, the lovely,
Life's well-refined gold,
If I am strong of heart to seek and find it,
Is mine to have and hold.
My spirit calls across the starry vastness
And answers: Even so—
Come joy or pain, come shade or shine or
tempest,
I will, I will be true.

O friend unseen, whose hope my hope hath
kindled,
Whose strength hath made me strong,
Be thine the rich reward of high endeavor,
Life's fruitful years along.

BY WIRELESS

Be thine the magic melody that floateth
Adown the hills of dream!
Be thine—and mine—to follow, follow star-
ward
The glory of the Gleam.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

THE summer sun lay golden on the
mountain,

And soft about us blew
The elfin winds, the wild, free winds, that
morning

I wandered there with you.

As up and up to higher levels tending

We slowly passed along,

Upon the slippery steeps I did not waver—

Your hand was firm and strong.

We gained the heights. The all-encircling
vastness

Our quickening pulses thrilled.

With all the glory, all the wordless wonder,

Our kindred souls were filled.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Above us and around us stretched the heavens,
And far and far away,
In misty, opalescent shadows melting,
The dim horizon lay.

Up from the town, to mellow music softened,
There rose a murmurous din,
As o'er the waves, wind-kissed and sunbeam-silvered,
We watched the boats come in.

But longer than the fair and pleasant picture,
In sunlight round us spread,
Within my heart will live the vibrant music
Of gracious words you said:

"We may not reach the goal of our endeavor
Before the sun goes down;
Yet you and I will upward press, and ever
Be worthy of our crown.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

"No toil is lost, no energy is wasted,
Our striving is not vain,
E'en though we win no shining wreath of laurel,
No proud, far heights attain.

"They are not dead, the seeds of hope we scattered
Along the barren years,
Though yet there springs no blossom of rejoicing,
No golden fruit appears.

"Not in the prize, though lovely and alluring,
Our best reward must be.
Is not the strength that comes alone from struggle
Enough for you and me?

"Enough to have uplifted by our message
One life for one brief hour;
Out of one heart a weed to have uprooted,
And planted there a flower;

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

“Enough if we a helping hand have given,
Have strengthened faltering feet,
Have shed about us ever the aroma
Of kindness rare and sweet.”

Enough! and yet the distant beacons beckon,
The shining steeps allure.
We long to breathe—the impulse is of
Heaven—
Those airs serene and pure;

To stand beside the noble souls who conquered,
Who would not be downcast,
Who, after all the heartache and the failures,
Have won success at last.

Some day—who knows?—after the toil and
patience,
The conflict long and tense,
There yet may come to us life's crowning
glory
Of richest recompense.

THE NOONDAY CHIMES

OUT o'er the snowy city roofs at noon,
Out o'er the home, the market and the
street,

With solemn intonation floats a prayer—
A lyric strain, melodious and sweet.

A message in that mellow music rings.

Far-flung upon the wind it peals and swells,
With sweet reiteration day by day,
From vibrant, silver-tongued cathedral
bells.

“Lift up your hearts to God!”—the strain
sublime

With pulsing, rhythmic cadence throbs and
thrills,

While listening hearts turn, silent, Heaven-
ward,

And longing eyes are lifted to the hills.

THE NOONDAY CHIMES

O let that music sink in every soul!

O let it echo far across the sea,
And breathe amid the discord, fierce and wild,
A tuneful, tender prayer from you and me!

“Lift up your hearts!”—“We lift them to
the Lord”—

Our longings heavenward waft on music’s
wing.

God give us peace that blossoms bright from
tears,

God save our valiant men, our noble King!

MOTHER OF MINE

THERE shines no pearl in the deep, deep
 sea,
 Mother of mine,
So fair, so rare as your love to me,
 Mother, mother of mine.

The stars may wane, and the sun grow
 pale,
 Mother of mine;
I know that never your love shall fail,
 Mother, mother of mine.

My wayward feet in the far-off days,
 Mother of mine,
You led in ever the safest ways,
 Mother, mother of mine.

MOTHER OF MINE

The sweetest truths that a child may know,
 Mother of mine,
Your voice instilled in the long ago,
 Mother, mother of mine.

You taught me praise and you taught me
 prayer,
 Mother of mine;
And a simple faith in a Father's care,
 Mother, mother of mine.

You bade me rise from the common clod,
 Mother of mine,
To purer heights on the hills of God,
 Mother, mother of mine.

You taught me love for the finer things,
 Mother of mine;
I drank of joy from the secret springs,
 Mother, mother of mine.

MOTHER OF MINE

I've wandered forth in the world afar,
Mother of mine.

Your truth was ever my polar star,
Mother, mother of mine.

God's loving-kindness each morn is new,
Mother of mine—

I thank Him most that He gave me you,
Mother, mother of mine.

Your children arise and call you blest,
Mother of mine,

Our dearest treasure, the sweetest, best—
Mother, mother of mine.

This wreath I weave for your crowning,
dear,

Mother of mine,
God bless you, keep you for many a year,
Mother, mother of mine.

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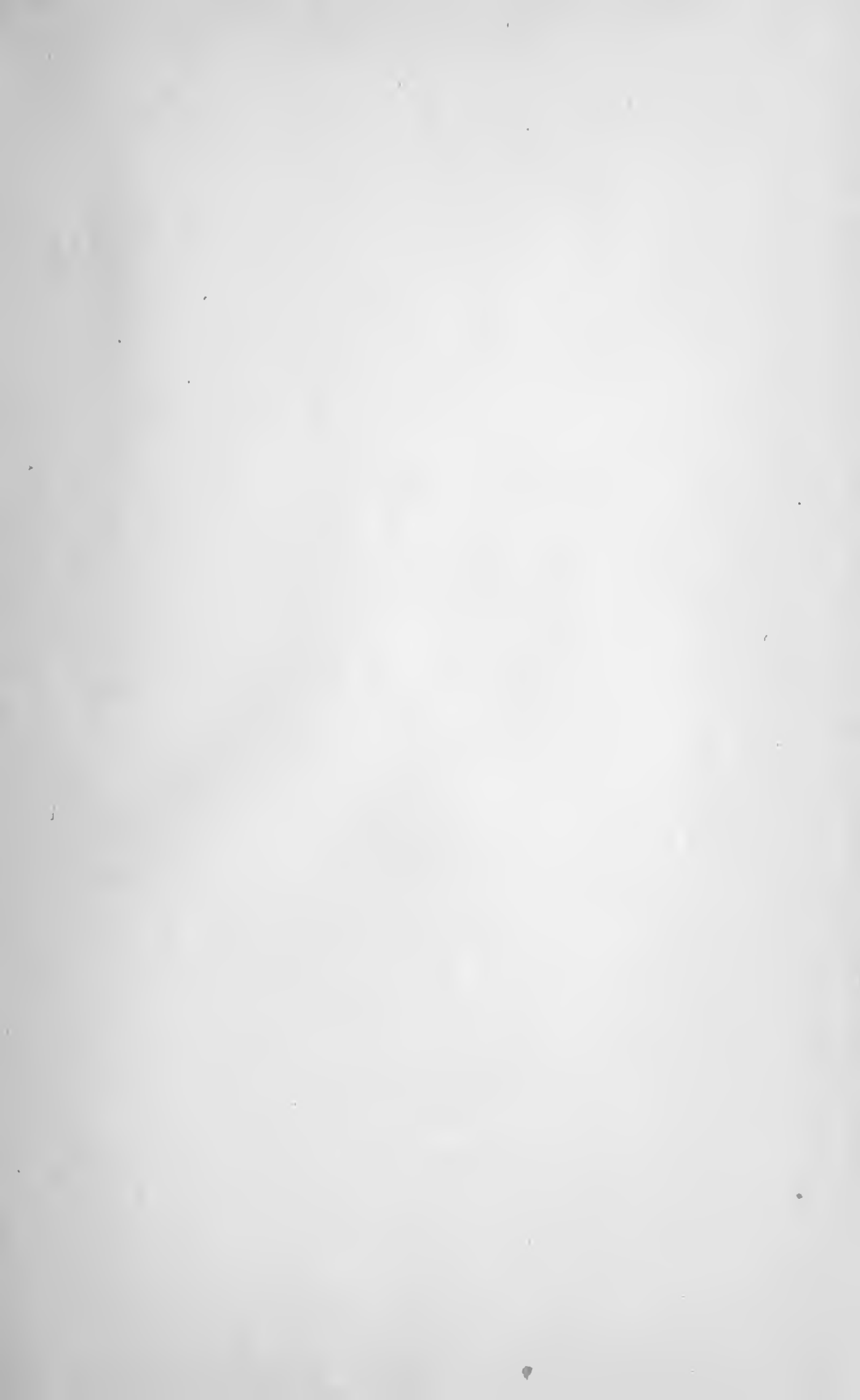
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